

THE AGAWAM MIRROR



AGAWAM,
MASSACHUSETTS

SPRING ISSUE -- 1936

The AGAWAM MIRROR

AGAWAM HIGH SCHOOL



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EDITORIALS

“—and a small drop of ink
Falling like dew upon a thought.”

—Byron.

ON GROWING UP

What a dull aching feeling it gave me, in my heart, when I first realized that I, along with my classmates, was growing up. But with it was also a hopeful joy. Timid when it comes to putting one foot forward; yet, with dreams and ambitions enough to conquer a world, we stand at the threshold of life, irresolute. Years will bring success to some, and failure to others; yet, regardless of the outcome, we shall at least be endowed with confidence—confidence to face life squarely, without faltering. Another group goes forth from the shelter of the school to be lost in the crowds, battling for an existence and something more — that something is the unattainable; a vague shadow in the back of our minds and yet the center of every dream. To some it is love, to others fame, and to still others, riches. As we move up the ladder of life, adding a new experience with each step, the next generation begins at the bottom round. They look with distaste on our customs, habits and ideas. They cannot understand us; just as the generation before could not be understood by us. The coming generation will never know of our happiness, loves and experiences, happy school days, and friendships. It seems a great loss

that they should miss this; however, no historian or biographer can ever relive our lives. As I finish these words, I suddenly feel old and tired, as if I had lived my life in one short hour and yet I have all this before me. The world is mine to do what I want with it; to make or break, and to furnish me with tender memories and persistent hopes.

Phyllis Selwood.

REFLECTIONS FROM OLD MIRRORS

“Memories, memories, dreams of long ago;” the hopes and desires of youth are not recorded but are reflected in the mirror of time. School friends have departed before us only to disappear out into the world, but they have left with us their happiest and most precious moments.

The past *Agawam Mirrors* form an accurate and valuable history of the activities of the high school, giving us a clear insight into the minds of pupils who have graduated.

The *Mirror* was begun in the year 1926 and we may well wonder at the determination with which the students met and overcame the many difficulties encountered. This loyal little

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group created and supported one of the best high school papers ever printed. In 1928, the magazine was rated as the "best All American school magazine." Then, due to the depression, it was cut down to a smaller and cheaper paper. In 1935, because of the lack of support from the students, it was discontinued altogether. Now, however, we can really feel once more that our magazine is well on its way to success. The last issue was rated as excellent, but there is still room for improvement.

The past *Mirrors* contain a wealth of exceptional poems, exciting stories, interesting facts and humorous jokes. There is, however, a distinction between the earlier *Mirrors* and those of the last few years. The quality of the later ones, although more interesting to the average student, is not so good as that of the less recent. The delicate touch, careful construction and deep thought of the former seem to be lacking. There is less poetry and one may well wonder whether Agawam has ceased to produce poets or not.

This can hardly be true, however, because in the last *Mirror*, we have evidence that the flower of poetry has started to bloom once more. We are now returning to the beauty of the former and the humor and popular interest of the latter; thus combining the two to form the best "mirror" which Agawam High School has ever published.

Phyllis Selwood and Edith Cesan.

A GOAL WITHOUT GLORY

What ambition do you cherish most highly? What goals when reached give the greatest satisfaction? Is it your graduation from high school, or your struggle and final attainment of some longed for and dreamed of honor that which gives you complacent happiness? Is your graduation to be for you and your parents the happiest day of your lives or is some small mental combat successfully overcome or a

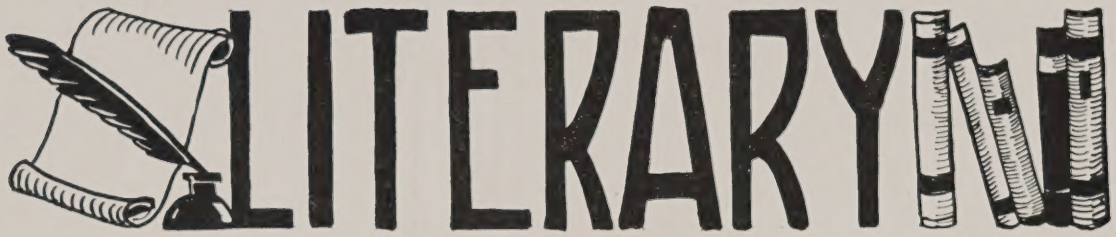
kindly favor without return or reward more pleasurable? Won't you look back with more self-satisfaction upon the achievement of one day's goal, independent and free from the thought of a rewarded purpose, than upon graduation, when all you have hoped for seemed to have come true? Aren't these small daily victories those which really prepare us for our lives? Isn't it better to have conquered daily and to have built a character founded upon morals sincerely believed in than to have attained and to have forgotten? Isn't it a day, victorious in some measures, learned and experienced in others, that insures our future and makes us vitally alive rather than the hope of a future goal or the memory of a past achievement? It takes thousands of goals without glory to make a man and thousands of men to make a nation.

June Wheeler.

REFLECTIONS

Why do we live? Is it for enjoyment; will we be glad tomorrow for what we did today? Do we live today for what we may do tomorrow? There must be some reason for our hopes as well as our reflections. Why do we review so smugly the past and yearn so fruitlessly for the future? Has a desire for fame clutched us so completely that we may never loosen ourselves from its bindings? Is it from a sense of necessary happiness and pleasure that we survive the obstacles set before us? In answer to these questions we immediately say, "no." Yet, as we think them over, we realize they are so, although the bare facts do not appeal to our only too easily deceived senses. We live for these abstract objects: greed, fame, happiness, pleasure, pride, desire and folly. We live because our neighbors live, our ancestors' neighbors lived, and our descendants' neighbors will live.

June Wheeler.



LITERARY

"Whoever reads will sometimes wish to write."

—George Crabbe.

NOT FOR A DAY

Shakespeare's characters are such intensely real people, that they have lived, and will live, through the ages. The reason for this is that Shakespeare so thoroughly understood human nature, that he molded and fashioned his brain children into living beings, fulfilling and typifying the man or woman of some particular period in history. Therefore, a person who embodies the ideals and actions of his age, really living his life to the full, will endure the test of time. Julius Caesar was such, and, consequently, he would fit into the life and times of this present day.

An outstanding feature of modern life is the magazine, and Caesar, as do most people of today, would have had his preferences. Among the magazines that Julius Caesar would have enjoyed is "The National Geographic Magazine." Caesar's numerous campaigns, wars, and travels, enabled him to visit and observe many lands and their customs. In this manner his interest in foreign countries, and geography, in general, must have been greatly aroused and stimulated.

Since Caesar was a statesman, reformer, military genius, and inventor, and also the popular idol of his day, his attention was, most

probably, centered on many differing and extensive subjects. This being true, "Time", a magazine summing up the current events of the day, including articles on practically every subject, would have appealed to him.

Also, with his many duties and diverse interests, Caesar's life was, undoubtedly, an active one. Consequently, such a magazine as "Reader's Digest," being a compact summary of the best and most worth-while articles of the day, would have proved most useful to him.

To supplement his more serious reading, "The Stage", perhaps, would have supplied Caesar's social diversion. Since he was, himself, a clever actor, knowing when and how to sway human emotions, this magazine of the theater would have nourished his dramatic instinct.

These magazines would have given Julius Caesar a well-rounded reading list, for, since his life was so varied and busy, his reading tastes would have been comprehensive. The fact that one is able to imagine Caesar enjoying popular magazines, is but one more proof that "Shakespeare's characters are not for a day, but for all time".

Margaret Brady.

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“HORROR!”

The long line of black cars was making its way down the narrow street to the stone church with the tall steeple. The second car was a weird black hearse carrying my dead body and taking me for my last long ride. This death wagon stopped in front of the huge church and I was carried into it by six strong, bold-looking men. When I entered the church, I heard the mysterious tones of the organ playing that death song, “Face to Face.” When the organ had stopped playing, my gray-steel casket was opened and I saw a pale faced man with long black stringy hair and a wrinkled face peering at me with jet black glassy eyes accented by thick eyebrows of the same color. With a sharp shrill cry he brought his claw-like hands closer and closer to my neck—then I awoke!

Phyllis Gosselin.

DESCRIPTIVE BITS

The red sun, slowly slipping below the western horizon, illuminated the sky with a vari-colored aura. The scattered clouds were tinged with golden hues of orange, pink, and

blue, fretting the heavens with delicate designs. As the glowing sun disappeared behind the crest of the autumn-clad mountain, the russet trees shone forth in a glistening crown.

Margaret Brady.

The cloud of dust neared, swirling heavenward as it gathered velocity; squirming, writhing, like a maimed serpent contorting in agony.

William Walsh

Against a backdrop of various greens and yellows a silver sheet of water hung draped over a grey wall of rock. Shimmering and glinting with colors chiefly reflected from invisible sources, it held the multi-shades of purple, ranging from the royal shade to lavender, orchid, and hydrangea. A rose colored dome rose behind it.

John Quigley.

The sheet of water writhed and swirled over the razor edged brink, only to dash itself upon the rocks below, and then changed to spray — geometrical arcs of fine mists.

John Quigley.

« « FANTASIES » »

PARADISE

A can of worms to bait the hook,
A calm and shady sheltered nook,
A place where I can lounge all day,
And watch the flashing trout at play.

A string of fish to catch the eye,
A homeward trudge with head held high,
A showy catch for popping eyes,
Surely this is paradise.

Billy Walsh.

TRANQUIL BEAUTY

While I was strolling through the night,
The stars above were gleaming bright,
The gentle murmur of wind through leaves,
Was like the sound of working bees;

The flowers which were blooming there,
Did fill the air with perfume rare;
The tranquil beauty of this scene,
To me was like a restful dream.

Paul Brusseau.

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FAERIES

Dancing over the hills,
 Skipping through the dales,
Flying through the air,
 The tiny faery veils.

Playing in the moonlight,
 Swimming in the streams,
Climbing up the wavering,
 Shimmering moonbeams.

Sleeping in the flowers,
Sitting aloft the trees,
Letting their dewy tresses
 Flutter in the breeze.

Grasses for their capes,
 Petals for their gowns,
Acorns for their hats,
 But blossoms for their crowns.

Sailing on the lilies,
 Flying with the bees,
The cool and shady brooks
 Supply the faeries' seas.

Butterflies are their houses,
 All of a glamorous hue,
But where there colors came from,
 Only the faeries knew.

Oberon is their king,
 Titania, their queene,
And when the faeries gather,
 A lovelier sight has ne'er been seen.

And so we leave the faery folk
 To their work and play,
Until we venture to visit them
 Upon another day.

Margaret Brady.

TOO YOUNG VS. TOO OLD

When vacation time rolls 'round once more,
 And I want to "step-out" nights,
The age-old question comes again,
 That starts the family fights.

I weep, and wail, and tear my hair,
 While angry threats just fill the air;
But father protests with trembling tongue,
 And raging, roars, "You're much too young."

Then winter time comes 'round again,
 And lures me as it always will,
So I approach mother once again
 With, "I want a sled to slide down hill."

Now sister gasps, and brother groans,
 While father sits and fairly moans,
But mother with eyes so icy cold,
 Scorning says, "You're much too old."

Now oft' in revery I pause,
 Held in day-dream's mighty claws,
And wonder if midst heaven's gold,
 I'll hear again "Too Young"—"Too Old."
Abbie Abrams.

MAY MUSIC

Such is May music—
Dew sprinkled beauty
Of budding daffodils;
Tiny rushing brooklets
Sparkling in the light
Of golden sun;
A sky of light, pale blue,
With a billowy cloud
Dazzling here and there;
Trees with green tinted buds
Nodding in the perfumed breeze.
Everywhere quiet, beauty,
Blended into a solemn tune
Which, though silent
Sings joyously in our hearts.
Such is May music!

Patricia M. Atwater.

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I WONDER

Is this spring
Of which we sing
Really such a lovely thing?
I wonder.

Are the grasses always green
As some folks have them seem.
Is every night a perfect dream?
I wonder.

Are the flowers all in bloom,
Is there then no day of doom,
Are there no folks in their tomb?
I wonder.

Is every single day in May
Really as the poets say,
Always cheerful, bright and gay?
I wonder.

Is there not still work to do,
Are there not days when you're blue,
Is everything you say quite true?
I wonder.

Are there not both girls and boys
Who are not able to have toys,
Is springtime really filled with joys?
I wonder.

Are these spring days always jolly,
Is there never any folly,
Are not some folks melancholy?
I wonder.

Norma Bailey.

SPRING

Oh, the enchantment of spring,
The budding of the flowers that are the fairest,
And herbs that are bursting
Through the earth, that are the freshest.
How bright is the flower's color!
Spring is shining, sparkling, and full of splendor.
Ethel Jacques.

NEARER TO GRADUATION

Our Freshman year is just like spring
Fresh, and new, but a delicate thing!
It starts off quietly, but as time goes on,
You'd think we were members of the Amazons.
(This is when (still new to its ways)
(School seems far from holidays.)

Then comes summer and Sophomore year,
Much more reserved, but with nothing to fear,
For we've learned to obey, and to follow
the rule,
And strive for the honor and fame of the school.
(At this period of time, we talk a great deal
about sorrow for leaving, that we'll never
feel.)

Then comes our Junior year—or fall.
With much confusion—no silence at all!
For we're older and wiser, and finding new
ways,
In which to have fun in these short school days.
(Now we dimly begin to see, why probably
graduates weep at their spree.)

And last of all comes our Senior year—
Like winter, it comes, resembling a tear.
We're young, we're old, but all year through,
We're longing for more school days to do.
(Comes graduation and its parade,
And the picture, we know, will never fade.)
Madeline Conte.

THIS SPRING

From the boughs of silvered elms
Robins sing in rain,
Misty blue wisteria
Trembles out again.

Crocus sprout from flooded grounds,
Golden jonquils nod,
Wistful azure violets
Peep from brown damp sod.
Jean Atwater.

BOOK REVIEWS

“Books are the best things well
used; abused, among the worst.”

—Emerson.

OLD CURIOSITY SHOP

By Charles Dickens

This novel describes the pathetic struggle of poor little Nell, a beautiful and noble child. She resides with her aged, eccentric and gambling grandfather, who loves her passionately. When unhuman Mr. Quilp the “dwarf” betrays them, they are left at the mercy of humanity. What happens to them? “Old Curiosity Shop” will furnish the answer, and bring more unforgettable Dickens’s creations to life.

Mary Hart.

THE MAN WITHOUT A HOME

By Rupert Hughes

This is a fascinating and revealing story of the lives of famous figures in the early nineteenth century. Who would have guessed that the immortal song, “Home, Sweet Home,” was created by the inspirations of the soul of a wandering actor, John Howard Payne, or that he should choose Mary Godwin, the charming wife of Percy Bysshe Shelly, as his sweetheart, or that this delicate, tender young girl should be the creator of that horrible monster, “Frankenstein”?

June Wheeler.

OLIVER TWIST

By Charles Dickens

If you want tragedy—here it is!
If you want comedy—here it is!
If you want mystery—here it is!
Read it all in *Oliver Twist*.

See little Oliver’s sad, round face,
And ’round the country his footsteps trace;
Watch, as he meets each different face,
And see what he does in each new case.

Then see each in playing his game,
Mr. Brownlow—known for his kindness and
his fame,
Mr. Bumble—who is the same as his name,
And last of all Fagin—who’s far from tame!

Madeline Conte.

TAKE IT EASY

By Walter Pitkin

“We must begin our salvation by taking things easy. We must dissolve our worries and lessen tensions, be clear, be cool, be unafraid, before we can get our bearings and set our courses by the everlasting stars.”

That is Walter Pitkin’s philosophy of life as revealed in his “Take It Easy.” What is yours?

David R. Guy.

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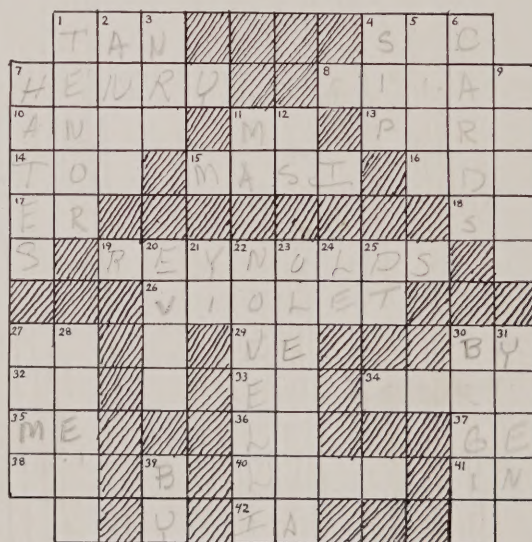
Horizontal

1. Yellowish brown.
4. A convulsive catching of the breath.
7. Last name of one of the members of the high school faculty.
8. The hair on a paramidium.
10. Brazilian Nut.
11. A syllable of the diatonic scale.
13. A sudden sharp attack of an emotion.
14. Part of the foot.
15. High school basketball star.
16. Tree of General Average. (abbr.)
17. Suffix denoting comparative degree.
18. Form taken by ob preceding p.
19. Athletically inclined faculty member.
26. Common wild flower.
27. Syllable of diatonic scale.
29. Votre Eminence. (abbr.)
30. Preposition.
32. Form of verb "to be."
33. Educational Age. (abbr.)
34. Peel.
35. Personal Pronoun.
36. Lloyd's Register. (abbr.)
37. General Electric. (abbr.)
38. Half the width of an em.
40. To exist.
41. Preposition.
42. Indian Army. (abbr.)

VERTICAL

1. Male singing voice.
2. Latin prefix meaning before.
3. Act of Congress that was repealed May 27, 1935. (abbr.)

4. Drink in small quantities.
5. Man who introduced Christianity into Norway.
6. Popular indoor game.
7. Despises.
9. Open in wonderment.
11. Childish form of "mama."
12. Form of verb to be.
20. At all times.
21. Youngman's Institute. (abbr.)
22. Popular little senior boy.
23. Australian shrubs or low trees.
24. French article.
25. Doctor of Theology. (abbr.)
27. Renown.
28. A mentally deficient person.
30. A wind instrument with pipes.
31. The terminal part of the leg. (pl.)
39. Preposition.



By Ralph Lucardi
and William Walsh.

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NEWS

"All the news that's fit to print."

New York Times.

"BIG HEARTED HERBERT"

Cast:

Herbert Kalness.....	Ralph Pfersick
Robert.....	Leonard Carulli
Elizabeth.....	Madeline Conte
Martha.....	Rita Galvin
Junior.....	Vincent Gallerani
Alice.....	Edith Cesan
Andrew.....	Gordon Wells
Mr. Lawrence.....	Edward Burke
Mrs. Lawrence.....	Melva Smith
Mr. Goodrich.....	Aaron Whitlock
Mrs. Goodrich.....	June Wheeler
Mr. Havens.....	Vincent Masi
Mrs. Havens.....	Phyllis Gossehn

Herbert Kalness is a self-made business man who insists that his family be brought up under the plain traditions. When his daughter becomes engaged to a Harvard man and his wife not only has delicacies for dinner, but also invites Harvard men as guests, Herbert nearly goes insane with rage. The Kalness' home becomes safe for college graduates only after his family embarrasses him before his best customer, who is also a Harvard graduate. The sight of his wife, dressed in an old wrapper, destroys this grouch's resistance, as does the supper consisting of Irish stew and apple pie.

This hilarious story succeeded in winning the approval and in arousing the laughter of a

very friendly audience. The greater part of the success was due to the skillful direction of the play by Miss Andrews, Head of the English Department.

W. M. L. S. P.

The last meeting of the Western Massachusetts League of School Publications was held at the Westfield High School, January 24th. Registration began at four o'clock. The convention, after being welcomed by Principal T. J. Abernethy, held its business meeting in the school auditorium. Following this meeting delegates from various schools gave short reports on some phase of their work. The list was as follows:

West Springfield—Sources of Literary Material.

Westfield—Sources of Literary Material.

South Hadley—Why Change from a Magazine to a Newspaper?

Agawam—Why Change from a Newspaper to a Magazine?

Holyoke—What about Advertising?

Technical—Writing up Sports.

Commerce—Getting the News.

Commerce High School gave an especially fine account of just how the staff went about getting its news.

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Following these reports, Westfield put on a one-act play, "The Perfect Herald," dealing with the publication of their paper.

Refreshments were served at 6:15 and at 7:00. Round table discussions were held. These discussions were led by some personage thoroughly acquainted with the work. Such questions as: printing, news, sports, advertising, features, editorials, women reporters, and women in business were discussed. At the conclusion of these discussions a dance completed the entertainment.

THE JUNIOR ASSEMBLY

On March 8, the Junior Class presented "Lighted Lives," an inspirational program. Its main objective was to instill in the students a realization of the true values behind the actual substance of school work. The daily school life of the members of the Junior Class was portrayed by scenes representing their class work. The Spirit of Enlightenment revealed how they could let their studies light flames in their lives. As each value was revealed, the Sprit of Enlightment lighted a candle as a symbol of lighted life. At the end of the program, lights of Culture, Achievement, Interest, Beauty, Joyousness and Character were aflame.

"Only the lighted life can see
Within itself the vision.
Only the lighted life can hear
Within itself the voice."

Walter McNamee.

THE SOPHOMORE ASSEMBLY

On April 3, members of the class of 1938 presented their version of the school of the future. A conversation between two students of the school of 1988 revealed a comparison between their school and the school of their grandmother's day. The Sophomore Orchestra played two songs that were popular "back

there in 1938"; namely, "Let Yourself Go," and "I'm Putting All My Eggs In One Basket." Another number of the good old days, "I'm Shooting High," was sung by three young ladies of the class of 1938. A play entitled "Sauce For the Goslings" ended a well-planned assembly.

PATRIOT'S DAY PROGRAM

That epic ride of Paul Revere was again revealed to the students of the high school by members of the seventh grade, on Friday, April 17. The members of the seventh grade Glee Club sang. The assembly was under the direction of Miss Carman and Miss Deeley. Also included in this program were motion pictures, illustrating advances in power and operations performed in the engine of the automobile.

PICTURES OF SECONDARY EDUCATION IN MASSACHUSETTS

On March 9, the students were given a treat when they were entitled to view the motion pictures of Secondary Education in Massachusetts, which were taken this past fall by Mr. Hadley and Mr. Williams. The picture was comprised of views of high schools in Western Massachusetts and scenes from their classrooms, health and recreational centers. Agawam High School was represented with scenes taken in a physics class and on the football field while the team was in action against Westfield High School.

TRI-HI

One of the recent social events which aroused the enthusiasm of the upper classmen was the St. Patrick's Day party given by the Tri Hi Club.

Each member of the club was allowed to bring one guest to the affair. Novelty programs

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were given to them when they arrived, and then the fun began. The evening was spent in playing games and in having novelty dances. (The music was furnished by the school amplifier.)

The climax of the affair occurred when refreshments were served. The tables were prettily decorated in green and white. After refreshments were served, the president gave an extemporaneous speech in which she extended a cordial welcome to the guests.

The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing, and at 11 o'clock the boys and girls went home; tired but happy.

Claire LePage.....	Decorations
Hazel Wentworth.....	Entertainment
Agnes Swanson.....	Refreshments
Miss Miller.....	Chaperon
Miss Andrews.....	Chief Food Sampler

Many other members of the club are credited with many hours of hard work.

PRO MERITO

It seems this year that the girls are not so far ahead of the boys in their customary race as honor students, for the Pro Merito group for 1936 consists of:

Verna Barton	Grace Halladay
Edith Cesan	Henry Hermansky
Madeline Conte	Vincent Masi
Jane Dunai	Simon Ramah
Vincent Gallerani	Phyllis Selwood
David Guy	June Wheeler
Mary Hart	Elizabeth Wieland

Since our Pro Merito had the Spring Convention to arrange for, their activities this year have been limited to: serving at the teacher's tea; the Valentine Dance, and attending the Fall Convention at Massachusetts State College in which David Guy was elected president of the Society. The Spring Convention was held this year at Agawam on Saturday, May 8. The Pro Merito members of the schools in

this vicinity gathered here for the purpose of holding a business meeting and for an informal social gathering. Scouting parties were formed to acquaint the students with the school and grounds. At 12 o'clock a well-planned luncheon was served in the cafeteria. After lunch the one-act play "Thank You Doctor" was given as entertainment and the rest of the afternoon was open for dancing. And so, the year for the Pro Merito members of 1936 ended.

However, there is always another year coming, so try hard, you Junior boys! See if you cannot catch up to the girls this time!

TIDBITS FROM THE CORRIDORS

I wonder why "Cassy's Dancing Boys" don't show their talent to "home stock?"

Has Elroy Armstrong been brought up on a ranch? We'd gathered such from his dancing.

George Fuller tries to frighten all the girls with that "Big Bad Wolf" voice of his.

It seems that David Grimaldi has developed a natural wave in his hair. You'd better buy a hair net, Bear.

Some "North Agawam Senior Boys" have formed a partnership, "Shine, Mister?"

Billy Walsh had better be careful he'll have to buy some girl a pair of silk stockings.

Mr. Reynolds reveals himself 5th period on Thursdays, doesn't he?

What is B. Babcock's aim in sprucing up lately?

Avilda Goyette is surprising—she has loads of hidden talent!

M. Roy will have us worn out with her "Jack."

Why is Charlie Galvin doing so much walking lately—is he trying to recondition himself?

I guess "Ferp" Jasmin needs assistance to ask a girl to the Prom—he had two guards with him.

"Tomato" Novelli seems all wrapped up in the "Red Head."

"The Personality Girls" will have to be given credit—they deserve it.

Is Gail Tulloch afraid of her dancing partners? . . .

Vincent Gallerani certainly stands in with the girls lately—but we're not surprised.

Lino Schinelli has been catching up on his sleep every fifth period.

"Eddie" Burke must have a fancy for giving flowers!

Frank Meyer seems to be going around in circles—first he goes with the girl—then with her girl friend.

Norma Jane should have a dancing class, for she certainly gives some fine exhibitions.

Johnny Rosati had better watch out—he'll knock someone out with that stiff arm while he's dancing.

"Beware!" Two of the school's most reckless drivers: Joe Marieb and Charles Jasmin.

Taylor and Tompkins—Cooperated marathons are trying to set a record for walking around the corridors.

E. Pavadzick hasn't been wise-cracking lately—what's wrong?

What's happened to all the dancing feet in this school?

We wonder how the bashful Junior Boys are going to make out at the Prom?

C. Jasmin, R. Alvigini.

David Guy: "Nothing is impossible to him who fears not work."

Doris Rouillard: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Mary Hart:

"I pass with the rest, out of the door,
Those dear old Agawam days I'll see no more.
It was work and play which helped us win,
Teachers and classmates served us to the end.
And even though I am to begin anew,
I still wish you luck and happiness true."

« MIRROR OF TIME »

JOHNSON'S CIRCLE REVIVED

Samuel Johnson's illustrious literary circle was revived recently by a Senior English class. The bearish, bullying Johnson, alias David Guy, exerted himself to dominate the opinions of the circle on the subject, "The New Deal." James Boswell, Johnson's satellite, known as David Novelli, was the perfect yes-man. Oliver Goldsmith, the youngest member of the circle and a rising author, portrayed by Alfred Tompkins, argued with and rebuked Johnson until the latter was wrathful. June Wheeler, as Edmund Burke, the orator, gave a speech showing the eloquence of Burke. The arguments of all the speakers contained much truth and it was with difficulty that the circle was broken up. Edward Gibbon, the historian, was portrayed by Verna Barton who gave the following speech—

THE NEW DEAL

Why a New Deal was demanded.

During the World War our whole country had to stand back of our soldiers who were fighting in the trenches. Farms were enlarged, factories expanded, and all industries increased their business. The labor to accomplish this great out put was greatly reduced in order to provide men for military service.

When the war ended, the demand for products gradually waned and industries diminished their business, banks demanded that loans be repaid, farms were reduced, and there was much unemployment. This caused the depression of 1921, which in turn led to our recent one. Farmers were in distress, industries were forced to the wall, workers were out of employment, foreign trade collapsed, government expenditures mounted, and distress and unrest gripped the country.

This distress reached a high peak in 1932, the year of the presidential election. The

Republican Party, in continuous power from 1921-1932, had to play the goat. It was blamed for the depression and for having failed to take action to help the country out of this crisis, and for offering no program to guide the country.

The Democratic Party, under Franklin D. Roosevelt, declared that a New Deal was necessary. In November the Democratic Party was swept into power. Many people think this happened because the public was desperate and willing to try anything.

The first crisis for the new administration was the bank question. You all know how the people's faith in the banks began to waver so they started to withdraw their money. The result was a bank holiday. Everyone must admit that this saved many banks from closing their doors forever.

At this time the New Deal alphabet was begun, the S. E. C. (Securities and Exchange Commission) being one of the first boards organized along with the R. F. C. (Reconstruction Finance Corporation.)

The next thing the administration did was to pass the A. A. A. (Agricultural Adjustment Act) to aid the farmers. This act, although it has now been judged invalid, was indeed a help to many farmers in this sections you can imagine what an aid it was to the drought-stricken farmers.

Many laws were passed to help the laborers and to make the employers treat the workers more fairly. The C. W. A. (Civil Work Administration), P. W. A. (Public Work Administration), and C. C. C. (Civilian Conservation Corps) were established as a remedy for unemployment. Many laws were also passed aiding the railroads and regulating communication.

The public works program is perhaps the best known example of the New Deal. You know how many buildings and internal improvements have been made under this

program. These and many other things have been done under the New Deal.

There are many conflicting opinions as to whether the New Deal has or has not succeeded. One man said the simplest and most logical way of judging is by your own status. Ask yourself these questions. Are you better off than you were last year? Are your working conditions better? Answer these honestly and form your own opinions.

The Value of the New Deal

The supporters of the New Deal say that it has saved the country from a serious crisis, that it has given employment to millions of people, and that it bestowed many benefits on the American people.

The New Dealers admit they have spent millions of dollars but they say they have spent it for the nation when it was really in need of it. They realize that the national debt has been increased but they claim that the people's faith in the country is still strong because they were willing to buy bonds.

Then, of course, there is the opposition. These people are loud in their claims that the New Dealers are attempting to set aside the Constitution and deprive the people of their rights. They claim that the New Dealers propose too many unsound schemes that involve the waste of billions of dollars and raise the cost of living too high. They declare that the President's idea of wealth distribution is unsound and will tend to lower the spirit of progress and initiative and that the public debt has greatly increased. They say that this generation has no right to saddle future generations with the tremendous cost of taxes that will inevitably follow such a program.

Many of the acts of the New Deal have been declared invalid by the Supreme Court. However, both New Dealers and Anti-New Dealers must admit that we are passing through one of the most critical periods in our history.

Verna Barton.

« « THE FLOOD OF '36 » »



When we came to school on March 22, all we could think or talk about was “flood, flood, flood.” Accordingly, Miss Henry suggested that we devote the class period to discussions of our experiences during the disaster, thus having practice in public speaking as well as an opportunity to hear about the thrills our own classmates had undergone.

The discussion was patterned after the “Vox Pop” newspaper interviews, Barbara Andrews being the inquiring reporter. Every one entered into the spirit of the thing, and the class hour passed all too quickly.

Some of the interviews follow.

Reporter: What changes, in your opinion, will this flood bring about?

Earl Paradzick: (1) It will increase taxes. The government needs some sort of income to clean up the refuse of the flood. And the only way, both in the past and present, of getting money is by taxation of the people. (2) It will cut new waterways. The swift current flowing down stream will take part of the bank along with it, thus cutting new paths. It will also dredge the bottom of the river bed, making it deeper. (3) It will destroy small companies. The small companies which have started in business just before the flood will have to clean up all their new machinery and this costs money. They have put almost all their money in the fixtures and stock for the business.

◀ THE AGAWAM MIRROR ▶

Reporter: When were you first impressed by the seriousness of the flood?

Edward Fitzgerald: When school was closed. I realized then that it must be serious.

Reporter: What did you see in flooded areas?

Edward Fitzgerald: In West Springfield truckloads of food were being drawn through streets inundated to a height of six to eight feet. This food was being brought from Springfield. On the Connecticut River we saw hundreds of logs floating down stream. Many pieces of property, including chicken coops, were tossing madly on the furious waves.

Reporter: Did you see any people rescued?

Edward Fitzgerald: Yes, in West Springfield a man was taken from his home by a boat. He had several heavy objects hidden in his coat. Upon opening his coat, it was discovered that they were a quart of milk and two bottles of fiery wine. Apparently he believed in liquid refreshment!

Reporter: What did you see of the flood in Westfield?

Abbie Abrams: The part of the flood in Westfield that impressed me the most, was the damage done to the J. W. Adams Nursery. The thousands of small trees, plants, and bushes planted along the road were draped with every imaginable kind of debris, and one small tree even bore a huge wicker chair on its slender form. The plants and trees that were not ground into the mud, will probably take months to get back to their normal growth, and hundreds of new plants will have to be set out at the expense of the owner.

Reporter: What brought home most vividly to you the disaster caused by the flood?

Miss Henry: The crowd of refugees at the West Springfield Community Y. M. C. A. Most of the women seemed so stunned by the shock of losing their homes that they scarcely seemed to move. They just sat motionless, with their children milling around them.

Reporter: Did you see anything amusing in the midst of all this sadness?

Miss Henry: Yes, when Miss Andrews and I were helping to "dish out" the dinner for the refugees, one huge woman, who must have weighed nearly 300 pounds, came charging down upon us, quivering in every pore. Miss Andrews handed her the regular meal, and was greeted by the horrified exclamation, "Ch, take away that potato! I'm on a diet!"

"She didn't start soon enough!" whispered Miss Andrews, when the woman was safely past.

Reporter: Did you have any exciting experiences during the flood?

Fred Raynor: Yes, I did! Three of us decided to go down to the clambake grounds in back of Riverside Park for a look at the river.

In getting down there, we had to walk through a sea of bubbling, foaming water, which in places was almost over our boot tops.

We reached our destination without mishap, and, one of the boys having brought his rifle, had some practice shooting at flood refuse.

We finally grew tired of fooling around, and decided to go home. We started, but by then the river had risen so much that we would have been soaked if we had tried to return the way we had come.

Then one of the boys suggested making a raft, and as there was plenty of fine wood around, and a large platform, we built the raft by simply loading boxes and planks onto the platform, although we had nothing to tie or nail the thing down with. However, the raft seemed good enough for our purposes until we were in about four feet of water, where it proceeded to fall apart. Two of the boys "made it" to a beach, nearly submerged by water, and the other two of us stayed on what was left of the raft and finally succeeded in getting back on the roof of a building without getting very wet. As we had plenty of matches, we started a fire. Then the other

two boys, stranded about 10 feet away from the building, decided they wanted to come in. The one with the rifle put it in a box, (that had been part of the raft) and tried to float it in to us. The current of the water was too strong and carried the box away from us. The boy who owned the rifle then jumped into the freezing water and rescued it. He waded into where the fire was, and proceeded to get dried off. His companion, in the meantime, had waded to the building in water up to his hips.

We were just beginning to get scared, thinking we would have to stay there all night, with the river still rising very fast, when some other boys in a couple of boats came down the brook and picked us up.

And let me tell you, we were all glad to get home!

STUNTS

"Exercise, Exercise, Exercise and Play."

This is the rhyme that can be heard during our Gym periods. It certainly is exercise, but I doubt that it is play!

It really is comical to watch a few of the girls performing some of the harder stunts; but then again, it is quite pathetic to see them limping about the next day complaining of sore, knotted, lame muscles.

Each girl is graded on her ability to do the exercises. They are as follows: Head-stand, Shoulder-stand, Cartwheel, Crab-walk and Kangaroo-hop.

Now that good weather is here again we are "sallying forth into the wide-open spaces" for our vigorous games of baseball. Perhaps we'll discover a "Babe Ruth" or a "Chuck Klein," who knows?

IVANHOE

Miss Barnes' classes are busy exploring the period of English history covered by Scott's

Ivanhoe. They are studying the habits and customs of the English and Normans of that period.

Emphasis is being laid on the treatment of the Jews during those centuries. Comparisons are being made with the present day treatment of the Jews in Palestine and Germany.

An attempt is being made to increase the vocabulary of the students while they study the condition of the church during that period, the hatred of various races toward each other, and the lack of organized law and order.

Interest is added to the course by a large display of various characters and scenes in the book.

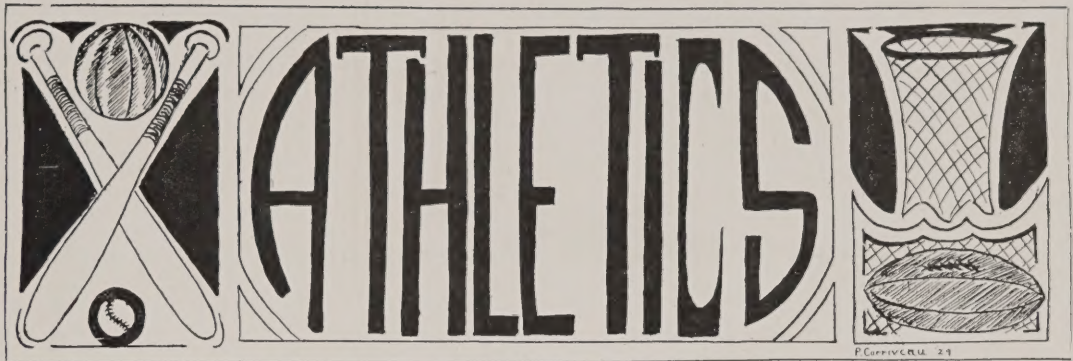
Edith Cesan: "Your life is the direct result of your thoughts; therefore, think wisely and carefully."

Rebecca Fiske: "As my contribution to the *Mirror* I would just like to recommend a book which I have recently read. It impressed me as being a very human book and introduced to me a very lovable character in Amalia, the heroine. It has quite a lot about the history of our United States from the year 1885. It traces the lives of two pioneer families from 1885 to the present year. If you are interested, read 'Spring Came On Forever' by Bess Streeter Aldrich."

Ethel Jacques: "An artist strives for a perfectly balanced picture with the colors well blended. The painting must also contain thought in order to have it noticed and remembered.

"We are all painters of life. We may paint a badly-balanced picture, use the wrong colors, or have worthless feeling or thought behind it. Yet I am sure we all want to paint good pictures.

"May the class of 1936 leave a perfect picture!"



"Whatever is worth doing, at all,
is worth doing well." ✦ ✦

—Lord Chesterfield.

BASKETBALL

The Agawam High ended up with a very successful basketball season, losing five games and winning twelve. Only two games were lost in the Valley Wheel, giving us a tie for first place with our rival, West Springfield. The other three games were lost to the city schools.

Scores of Games Played

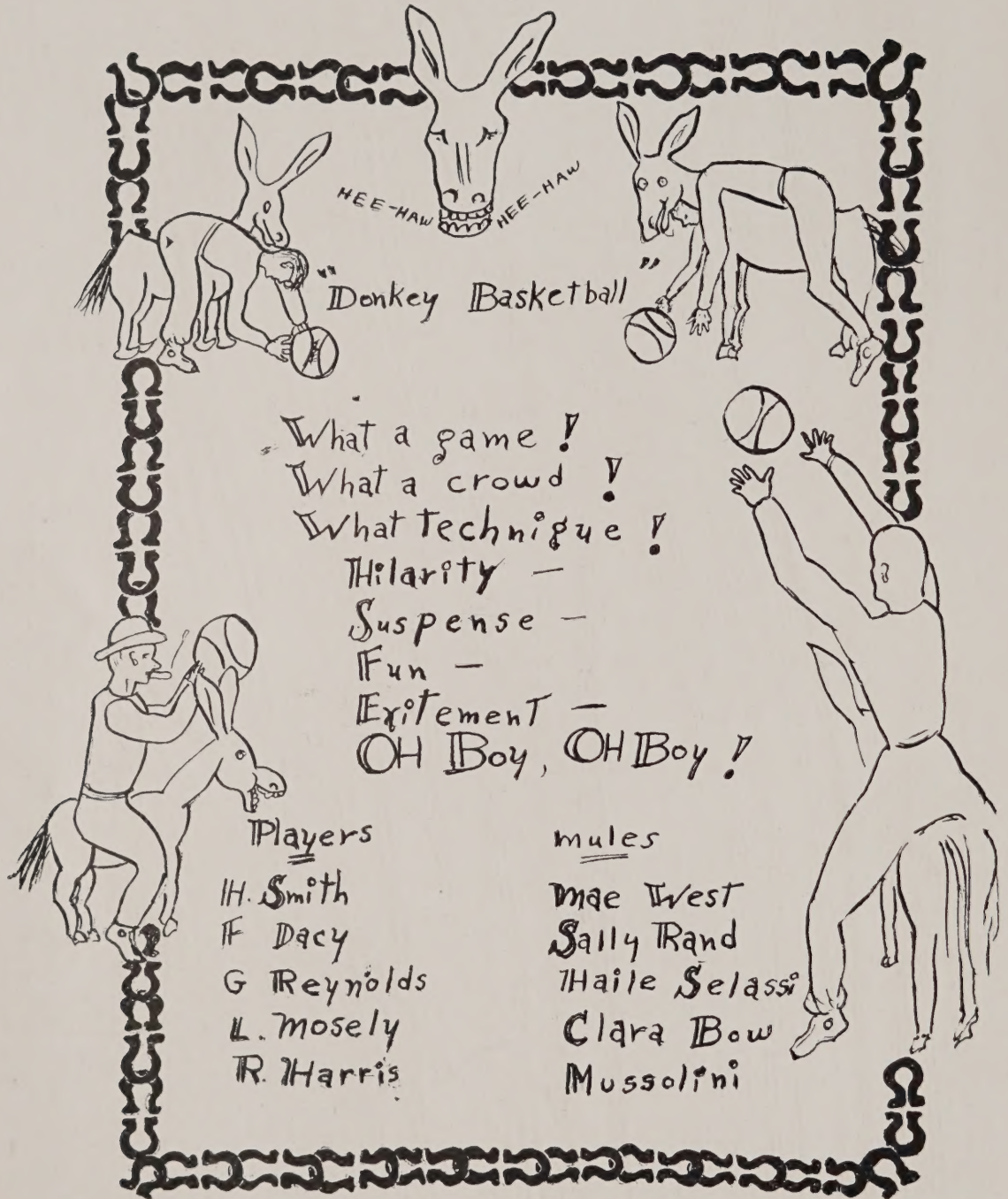
Dec. 19	Tech	away	lost	27-16
Jan. 3	Easthampton	home	won	23-16
Jan. 8	Enfield	away	won	35-15
Jan. 10	Palmer	away	won	22-20
Jan. 14	Monson	home	won	40-17
Jan. 17	Ludlow	away	won	39-21
Jan. 21	Ware	home	won	26-15
Jan. 24	W. Springfield	away	lost	31-15
Jan. 28	Monson	away	won	29-15
Jan. 31	Ludlow	home	won	21-14
Feb. 4	Easthampton	away	lost	31-19
Feb. 7	W. Springfield	home	won	32-22
Feb. 11	Ware	away	won	29-15
Feb. 14	Palmer	home	won	27-17
Feb. 17	Commerce	away	lost	33-27
Feb. 19	Enfield	home	won	19-16
Feb. 21	Tech	home	lost	21-23

TOURNAMENT NEWS

The M. S. C. Tournament was more colorful than ever this year. Agawam and Sacred Heart High of Holyoke, went to the finals with the latter winning 33-19. The Agawam boys were awarded silver medals for their reward as runnerup.

BASEBALL

A large group of boys reported for the first practice held at Davis field when Coach Goerge Reynolds sounded the bugle call. This year's team will be made up of only a few veterans. Among them will be: George Fuller and Fred Nardi, two capable pitchers; Harold Coons, Joseph Marieb, William Dugan, Joseph Nascombini, David Grimaldi and Woodrow Roberts, who held the highest batting average in the Valley Wheel last year. Some of the new comers of this year are: Petruzello, a rookie catcher, Lino Schinelli, John Rosati, Eugene Smith, William Walsh and Felix Pisano, who are expected to be real assets to their club. The team also has a very capable manager, Domit Shaer. Mr. Reynolds is looking forward to a good season.



M. S.

EDUCATION IS TOO MUCH FOR FIRE-FIGHTERS

Close to one thousand fans jammed the Agawam High gym on the night of February 12, to see donkey basketball make its bow. The Agawam High faculty downed the North Agawam firemen and proved that superior education extends even into donkey basketball. The faculty, headed by Harmon Smith, were the first to appear on the floor. They were dressed in orange jumpers and sweat shirts. Jasper Deforge led his quintet on the floor shortly after and gave them final instructions. The donkeys were the last to appear on the floor, proving that they are the most stubborn.

From the opening whistle, it could be seen that Jasper had a hard struggle before him, but he received poor support. Although Jasper drove his donkey with rare skill and emulated Nat Holman's floor work, the faculty slowly forged ahead.

Mr. Moseley and Mr. Dacey took turns at trying to move Lazybones without success. In the last half Jasper got his team working in N. Y. U. style, but there were too far behind to take the lead. Harmon Smith probably knows now how his players feel after missing a series of "sucker" shots. The final score of this thrilling game was 26-12 in favor of the school teachers.

Dave Grimaldi.

TRACK

The track season opened up with only a small number of boys going out for the team. Harmon Smith would like to get more huskies out for the field events. Some of the boys who expect to make track history for Agawam are: Harold Atwater, Edward Fitzgerald, and Paul Adams, broad jumpers and 440-yard men. The dash men are: John Babcock, John Rosati, Leigh Catchpaugh, Woodrow Roberts and Raymond Crosier. Boys entering in other

events are: Gensheimer, Montagna, Bernard Babcock, Grimaldi, Hermanski, Thornton and Earl Paradzick. Major letters and Earl Paradzick. Major letters and sweaters will be awarded boys equalling school boy records.

« GIRLS' ATHLETICS »

During the winter months and early spring, the girls were busy competing in basketball and volleyball.

The inter-class basketball championship for 1936 went to the Senior class team.

In the Brown and Orange team competition, which teams consist of the best players selected from all the classes, the Orange team won six games and the Brown team one game.

The volleyball inter-class championship went to the Sophomore class and the Brown team victorious, in all games, won the inter-school championship.

With baseball season just over, we find the inter-class championship going to the Sophomore team. For this year, the Senior team won the inter-class championship in hockey and basketball and the Sophomore team won the inter-class championship in volleyball and baseball.

To end the 1936 athletic season, all girls who have made any Varsity team during the year will attend a special party to be held June 6th. Miss Thelma Heidel is in charge, assisted by Jean Atwater, Orange team captain, and her assistants: Verna Barton, Claire LePage, Shirley Abell and Lillian Rossi; also Patricia Atwater, Brown team captain, and her assistants, June Wheeler, Sophie Dymerski, Jean Brown and Mary Ella Bertoldi.

« « SENIOR REFLECTIONS » »

JUST A LITTLE ADVICE

Just a little advice from parting friends
To tell you how to act, so you won't have to
make amends.
We'll give you the low-down on your future
teachers,
Now don't get us wrong—they're really all
"peaches."

When you have to yawn, never be caught
By Miss Andrews, after she's told you not
To be drowsy, while she's trying to teach
Seniors the many different parts of speech.

In Miss Ward's history class, you can imagine
how we felt
When she asked us, but we couldn't remember
a thing about Roosevelt.
So study very carefully, 'cause you'll always
have a test
After every chapter, and you'll want to do
your best.

You'll have to be very clever to beat
Mr. Reynolds when he's arguing to change
your seat
Away from your friend, who was your neighbor
But do as he says or forty minutes after school
you'll labor.

Then if you happen to be there when Miss
Miller's teaching Latin,
You see that translating is not all silk and satin.
You'll read about Caesar, Brutus and Cicero,
But you'll wish you were in English studying
Poe.

When you take chemistry with a certain man,
We warn you, he'll work you as hard as he can.
But after all is ended, and your work is all done
You'll think back and say, "Wasn't it all fun?"

While under Miss Smith's guiding smile
She'll have you studying "Trig" all the while,
And you won't have time to slack one bit
But in the end you'll never regret it.

Miss Henry isn't a Senior teacher at all,
But you might meet her any time in study hall.
In your seat after the bell you'd better remain,
Or else you will hear that "Little Miss" com-
plain.

So you see, being a Senior in '37
Won't be just what you'd call heaven.
But even so, if you'll follow our advice,
You'll find out everything will turn out nice.
Anna Massa and Rita Galvin.

A SENIOR'S REFLECTIONS AT GRADUATION

Graduation is the coronation of the past
and birth of the future. How delighted and
satisfied I feel at graduation, and yet I am sad.
Many things pass through my mind, successes
and failures. Again I see the sportive and
merry sophomore party, the lively and stirring
games played by the teams, the earnest, deli-
gent attacks crowned with success on difficult
subjects. As these fade, others come before
me; the merry entertainment that was re-
ceived at the senior play, the thrilling sensation
of the Prom, the frolicsome good time at the
kid party, and the much esteemed and dear
friendships. All of these things are of the past,
but they will be cherished as precious souvenirs.
The high school life is ended, the new life
begun. I am now a graduate of Agawam High
School!

Ethel Jacques.



JUNIOR HIGH



REFUGE FOR REFUGEES

The restless, milling crowd in the disorderly lobby of the Y. M. C. A. gave one an impression of extreme poverty and desolation. Elderly ladies in ragged apparel; mothers rocking blissful innocent tots to sleep; Red Cross workers running in and out on various errands; all races and creeds, low, middle, upper classes mingled together with the same feeling of tearful despondency and wonderment at this dreadful disaster that without a moment's notice had ended their happy dreams of future prosperity.

The khaki-uniformed Boy Scouts and the cheery, helpful Girl Scouts running here and there, doing everything in their power to make these forlorn people happier, safer and more comfortable, gave one a more cheerful view of the situation.

In the spacious balcony above the gymnasium tables were set up, and piled with clothing of all descriptions from which the refugees were given everything that they needed. Among these homeless people who received apparel were those who greatly appreciated it, while others were not satisfied or at all grateful.

This scene of tumult, which was so expertly handled with the help of Scouts, Red Cross workers, and other organizations reveals to us that even though times have changed greatly, a great number of our people are still willing to be their brother's keeper.

Gertrude Wieland, 8th Grade.

BETWEEN THE COVERS

A mute invitation, acceptance, and then, forgetfulness of worldly affairs. As if a curtain had been dropped, the realities of life slip by unmolested and unremembered and another world is before you.

Knights of a time long past, or modern people, or kings and slaves, or beggars and bankers march by. Now, you are in a sylvan glade or under a tree at whose foot a crystal brook pours forth its bubbling melody as it flows on its journey to the sea. Perhaps you are lost in a medieval forest or in a bustling city that hums with activity. Excitement! Thrills! Adventure! All of these are yours. You may hunt in the tangled jungles of Darkest Africa. You may freeze in the northlands or broil under a tropical sun. You can shake with laughter or shiver with fear. Baseball, football and basketball games may be enjoyed in comfort by your own fireside. Perhaps you are in the crowd that cheers someone on to victory. You may experience romance, glamour and perhaps tragedy in the gay throngs on the busy streets or solitary happiness in some secluded nook.

The world of books is open to every one, young or old. Here one may find diversion from everyday affairs and wander, if only for a short while, wherever the path may lead.

Anna Wylie, 8th Grade.

IS STAMP COLLECTING OF VALUE?

Some persons say that stamp collecting has no value. They say, "What is the use of spending money for pieces of paper?" I shall try to give you a few reasons why I think stamp collecting is a valuable hobby.

These days, persons have much spare time. They probably have a few cents to spend for recreation. Instead of buying candy, why not save the money and start a stamp collection? It is something of which to be proud in the future. Then they may study stamps, enlarge their collection and exchange stamps with their friends. Stamps increase knowledge. On the stamps are pictures of people and the countries from which they came. Through his stamps, the collector may learn about these countries. On some stamps are dates, which teach historical facts.

Many times the collector will unexpectedly find rare stamps, which he may sell and so make money. Then he will be able to buy more stamps for his collection. By careful trading a collection may be built with little expense.

You may think that just children or people with lots of spare time collect stamps. This is not true. Many busy men like Franklin D. Roosevelt, President of the United States; George V, King of England; Harold L. Ikes, Secretary of Interior, and Herbert Hoover, former President of the United States have large collections.

When collecting stamps, you may enlarge your friendship with other people and increase your knowledge of other countries. After years of saving you have a valuable collection which you may enjoy, use for profit or leave as a valuable heirloom.

Francis Bourdeau, Grade 8.

SUCCESS

What is success? Does it mean wealth or does it mean power or glory? If success is

essential for happiness, it must be worth striving for.

What makes one successful? Let us think of success as a cake. The ingredients are Ambition and Cooperation. Courage, confidence, enthusiasm and ability to take disappointment and defeat, are flavoring for our cake. Be sure to give full measurements and use ingredients of the finest quality. Then you may make your frosting of happiness.

If you strive to build your life upon the principles of this cake, you will find what success really is.

Anna Wylie, 8th Grade.

THE FLOOD OF '43

The recent rampages of the Connecticut River and its branches have been interesting as well as destructive and horrible. The flood waters have uncovered strange old land marks and many other odd things that have long been points of interest to those who study natural history.

One of the many strange things uncovered was a large stone, found on South Main Street in Agawam. This stone is about two and one-half feet long and eight inches wide. Near one end is a line cut into the stone. Under this line the word "high-water" is carved. About half way down is the date 1843. At the very bottom are the initials, J. H. F. Every figure is perfect and plain. Many of the older members of the town who have seen the stone believe the initials to be those of James H. Ferry, a man who lived at that time.

There have been reports at various times of high flood waters in 1843, but as yet there has been no proof of this fact. If this stone, which, as the date implies, was marked at that time, it may help those who are interested to discover whether these stories are true or false.

Florence Dalglish, 8th Grade.

SPORTS EDITORIAL

The baseball team of every room plays during the noon recess. "Mac" Wilson is the umpire of all the games and he does his best to see that all is kept in order on the diamond.

The schedule started last Wednesday with Miss Potter's room being victorious over Miss Powers's room. Thursday, Miss Carman's boys carried off honors from Miss McCormick's room. The next day, Friday, Miss Lynch's room came out ahead of Miss Barnes's boys by a small score. Tuesday saw Miss Henry's room outclass Miss Daly's boys with some good pitching by Raymond Raschi, and some splendid catching by Louis Rosso. There was also some fine field work. On Wednesday, Miss Carman's boys again came out with high honors to win over Mrs. Smith's room. On Thursday, Miss Powers's room beat Miss Lynch's boys to even up the score between Miss Powers's room and Miss Potter's room. On Friday, April 24, Miss Deely's boys and Miss McCormick's boys will clash with fine field and battery work expected.

The leading team for the seventh grade is Miss Carman's room, which has won two out of two games. The eighth graders are all even.

The schedule still remains the same with the winning team posted as one hundred, the losing team as sixty, and a draw as eighty. The schedule is posted in Mr. Harris's room.

Wilbur Miller, Grade 7.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The girls all took part in basketball, volley ball, stunts and tap dancing this winter.

Miss Lynch's girls beat the seventh and eighth graders' teams. Most of the games were played during the lunch period with Miss Heidel refereeing.

Enough girls of the Junior High signed up for volley ball to make two teams. The second team played the freshman team on April 8.

The game ended with a score of 21-5 in favor of the freshmen.

A few of the stunts we learned this winter are the knee-dip, forward roll, shoulder stand, elephant's walk, crab's walk, and run-run leap.

The tap dancing routine this year was new to both seventh and eighth graders. During one of the winter weeks, the familiar sound of dancing feet came from the girls' gym.

Myrtle Maillard, Grade 7.

THE GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club was organized by Miss Perry and Miss Deely for the benefit of the seventh grade. It consists of seventy-eight of the best singers.

At the first meeting the following officers were elected:

President.....	Frances Arnold
Vice-President.....	Wilbur Miller
Secretary.....	Robert Grady
Librarian.....	Edith Marinetti

When the executive committee met later on, an operetta was suggested. The members also arranged an amateur program to take place at the following meeting. This program was a success and Millie and Carmella Pisano were the winners.

Miss Perry and Miss Deely have decided that the "Windmills of Holland" is an appropriate operetta for our club to learn. We will try hard to learn it the way Miss Perry and Miss Deely wish us to. We hope to give it to the members of the seventh grade in the near future.

THE BIRD HOUSE CONTEST

The Agawam Junior High Bird House Contest was started under the supervision of Mr. Harris, the eighth grade science teacher. Both boys and girls could participate. A small prize was awarded to the winner by Mr.

Harris, who was the judge. The contest closed May 8, 1936.

The purpose of this contest was to interest the eighth grade pupils in bird life, and to encourage them to build bird houses.

Some requirements of the contest were that one side of the house be put on with screws, so that it may be taken off and cleaned for the next year; there was to be but one hole and not two or three, because a bird can defend but one hole; there was to be a perch for the bird in front of the hole; over this perch there must be an overhanging roof; the house must be put together very tightly, for if the rain gets in through the cracks, the birds will not enter it because of its dampness.

The result of this contest was that the birds will have shelter and the pupils will have had practice in building bird houses.

Alphonse Morassi, 8th Grade.

TENT CATERPILLAR CONTEST

A campaign against the tent caterpillar started March 21, 1936, and ended April 8, 1936. Mr. Harris, eighth grade science teacher, received a letter of directions from the state of Massachusetts.

These clusters, which are found mostly on birch and cherry trees, contain about 300 eggs each. Each egg is about the size of a grain of sand. When a pupil brought some clusters to Mr. Harris, he gave them a receipt and later burned the egg clusters.

Many pupils showed interest because a medal was to be awarded to the pupil collecting the most clusters. Ruth Neil was awarded this medal for gathering 11,203 clusters. The total number of egg clusters amounted to 19,243, which is a good record for a school of our size.

These caterpillars detract from the beauty of our forest and destroy many young trees.

Renzo Balboni, 8th Grade.

THE PENGUIN

The penguin is indeed a funny bird.
His history is very seldom heard.
And you will never know it, 'till you look
At his biography, within a book.

Appearance means a lot to him, I guess,
For he is always clothed in evening dress.
And there is never really any reason
To be untidy, 'cept in moulting season.

In moulting season, it's hard to survive
Because then he can neither swim nor dive.
When it is over he goes to the brink
And swallow enough pebbles to make him sink.

In this way he may catch some nice, fat fish,
Which, to a penguin, is a pleasant dish,
Particularly when he's getting thinner
Because for weeks he cannot catch his dinner.

He lives in villages and builds no nest,
But hollows out a place for eggs to rest.
The father penguin helps the mother work,
And sits upon the eggs, and does not shirk.

He's very much like humans in the way
He teaches little penguins to obey.
No other father bird is half so good,
Nor loves so tenderly his little brood.

He's very curious but not afraid,
And through explorer's tents will sometimes
parade.

He's so nearly human. I wonder—does he
ever sigh

And ask, "If I'm a bird, why can't I fly?"

Janet Wheeler, Grade 8.

WORK OF OUR CLASS SECRETARY IN GRADE 8

Every other week, our English teacher, appoints either a girl or a boy to be our class secretary. His or her duty is to take notes of the work we do during our English period.



JOKES



“And laughter holding both his sides.”

—*Milton.*

CHOICE BITS FROM STUDENT PAPERS

From a resume of Clyde Fitch's play.

Nathan Hale: “Cunningham slapped the widow, and then Hale took her apart.”
—Eng. III.

SHE MUST HAVE BEEN ALL BROKEN UP!

“Wall Street is a little crooked street and the people on it are crooked, too.”—Com. Geog.
OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES!

Definition of Republicans: “A savage tribe of wild Indians in the West.”

YOU'VE BEEN READING THE PAPERS!

“Broadway is such a long street that it will take me a day to get from one end to the other.”—Com. Geog.

YOU MUST BE PLANNING TO TAKE A TAXI!

“Ulysses split his men into two parts.”
—Eng. I.

TRYING TO FIND THEIR BETTER HALF!

“I am writing this letter with aching feet, for I took a long walk this afternoon.”—Eng. I.

HAVE YOU TRIED ONE OF THE NEW UNDERWOODS?

Definition of affectionately: “A powdery sugar used for frostings.”—8th grade Eng.

WE ALWAYS WONDERED WHERE THE EXPRESSION “SUGAR DADDY” CAME FROM.

“The sight of his wife in an old wrapper and a supper consisting of stew and apple pie upsets him.”

WE DON'T WONDER.

Berthiaume: (Late two days in a row).

Miss Mansfield: Were you shooting chickens today again?

Berthiaume: What do you mean, shooting chickens?

Miss Mansfield: Didn't you say that you were shooting fowls yesterday?

Time: About 1 A. M.

Place: Living room of one of his many girls.

(Voice upstairs): Well, Mr. Babcock, isn't your self-starter working tonight?

B. Babcock: Oh, I don't have to worry as long as there is a crank in the house.

Grady (At Dr. Scannel's office): Why do they call this a dental parlor?

Masi: Just another name for a drawing room.

THE AGAWAM MIRROR

Jasmin: Did you have any luck on your hunting trip?

Bear Grimaldi: Not much. I only got 17 ducks.

Jasmin: Were they all wild?

Grimaldi: No, but the farmer that owns them was.

Mr. Reynolds: If a child was born of Irish and French parents on a German ship two miles off the coast of the U. S., what country would he be a citizen of?

Billy Walsh: The League of Nations.

Teacher: Johnny, what was George Washington noted for?

Johnny: His memory.

Teacher: Where did you ever get that idea?

Johnny: Didn't they build a monument in his memory?

Miss Andrews: Grady, describe the London streets?

Grady: I can't, I haven't finished them yet!

Anna Mass (Reciting in class): The next morning I went to the next farm and brought milk right from the cow.

Miss Andrews: Give me liberty or give me life.

Grimaldi: Did Mary blush when she ripped her skirt?

B. Babcock: I didn't notice.

Teacher: What is an anecdote?

Pupil: Something given to a person who takes poison.

Teacher: What is a paragraph?

Pupil: Two large necked animals from Africa.

Following is a notice from the West Springfield News:

Martha Morton is quite interested in the geography of our neighboring town. She is now studying Rivers of Agawam—they call him Sonny.

Reply by H. Alverghini: I don't see what he sees in that map!

Devecchi: Do you like Joe, the barber?

J. Babcock: No, he gets in my hair.

Boy: My treasure!

Girl: My treasury.

Teacher: Rhodes, what is work?

Rhodes (stretching and opening one eye): Everything's work.

Teacher: Do you mean to tell me that this table is work?

Rhodes (closing eye and resuming former attitude): Sure; woodwork.

Agnes Swanson: I don't want those crackers. Someone told me that the rats ran over them.

Grocer: That isn't true because the cat sleeps in the box every night.

Dentist: Pardon me, I must have a drill.

George Fuller: Can't I even have a tooth filled without a rehearsal?

She: I think you must be a wonderful basketball player.

He: What makes you think so? My foot work?

She: No, the way you dribble your food.

"This floor is terribly crowded," said the gasping man as he blew his handkerchief on somebody's else's nose.

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